

Chapter 4

Nyla froze for a moment, then struggled desperately. Just the thought of Clark kissing another woman the night before filled her with disgust and rage.

"Let go!"

Her struggles were futile against Clark, who only tightened his grip around her waist.

As she fought, her towel loosened, revealing her body. His gaze darkened, and he felt a rush of desire.

Their bodies were pressed tightly together, and Nyla quickly noticed the change in Clark. Furious, she bit him hard, tasting blood in their mouths.

Instead of letting go, Clark's other hand slipped under Nyla's towel. She had nothing on underneath, having just come out of the shower. She stiffened and struggled even more fiercely.

"Clark, get off me!"

Clark ignored Nyla, his fingers teasing her sensitive spots. "Nyla, you need me too, don't you?"

Nyla's struggles were in vain, and she grew increasingly desperate. As Clark positioned himself, she closed her eyes in despair. "Clark, don't make me hate you."

Clark halted abruptly. Seeing Nyla filled with despair and pain, like a fragile porcelain doll about to shatter, made him pause. He wanted her desperately, but a voice in his head warned that if he took her now, it would be the end of them.

He stared at her, his hand tightening around her waist. After several tense seconds, he suddenly let go and got off the bed, leaving the room quickly.

The door slammed shut with a loud bang, making Nyla flinch. She clutched the blanket tightly.

...

For the next few days, Clark didn't come home.

Nyla called him several times to discuss the divorce, but he didn't respond.

...

The weekend arrived.

Nyla was in the living room, sending out job applications when she heard the front door open. Clark walked in, looking haggard.

They stared at each other in silence until Nyla broke it, closing her laptop and standing up calmly. "Since you're back, let's talk about the divorce."

Clark frowned. "I told you, I won't divorce you. I'm here to remind you that we have to go to the family dinner tonight."

The Summers held a monthly dinner, and ever since their wedding, Clark and Nyla had attended together. The family wasn't kind to Nyla, often treating her poorly. She endured it because she believed Clark loved her.

After seeing him with another woman, however, she couldn't lie to herself anymore.

"I don't want to go. Go by yourself."

Clark's expression turned impatient. "Nyla, how long are you going to keep this up?"

He had ignored her calls and messages, hoping she would calm down, but she was still the same.

"I'm not keeping anything up. I just want a divorce."

Upon hearing the word "divorce", Clark's patience wore thin. He looked at Nyla as if she were unreasonable.

"Divorce? You haven't worked since we got married. How will you support yourself? Which company would hire you? And what about your father's exorbitant medical bills? Can you afford those?"

"Nyla, you're not a teenager anymore. You're 28. It's time to grow up.

"I'm the CEO of the Sumner Group. I face temptations all the time. Sometimes, it's hard to resist, but those women will never take your place as my wife. What more do you want?"

Clark couldn't understand why Nyla didn't see that he still loved her, even if he couldn't commit to being with her forever.

Seeing Clark's arrogant demeanor, Nyla couldn't reconcile this man with the shy boy who had once blushed while confessing his love and promising never to hurt her.

Maybe this was his true self—selfish, proud, and condescending.

"If being mature means tolerating your infidelity, then I'm sorry, I can't do that. Find someone else. Here are the divorce papers I've had drafted. Sign them when you have time."

Clark glanced at the documents, sneering when he saw the section on asset division. "Quite the appetite you have, asking for half my assets. Do you really think that's possible?"

"I deserve it. Why not?"

Clark chuckled, his tone mocking. "Look around this house. Did you buy anything here? I've been covering your father's medical expenses for years. If we tally things up, you should be paying me. Should I have my lawyer do the math?"

As Nyla watched his bitter expression, she couldn't believe she had once loved this man. He had hidden his true self so well that, until she caught him cheating, she had thought he was a great guy.

"Don't forget, if it weren't for me giving you that patent, you wouldn't be the Sumner Group's CEO. And you were the one who told me to stay home after we got married. If I had continued my research, I would have earned far more than what you've given me."

Unfazed, Clark replied, "Who would believe you about the patent now?"

"I don't want to argue about money, but if you insist on a divorce, we'll have to settle accounts. Nyla, as long as you drop the divorce idea, my money is still yours to use."

"Clark, you're despicable!"

Since he refused to divorce, she'd have to sue. She turned to leave, but he blocked her. "Change your clothes. We're going to the family dinner."

"I said I'm not going. Tell them I'm not feeling well."

Clark grabbed her wrist. "Nyla, I'm running out of patience. Don't force me to cut off your father's medical expenses."

"You wouldn't dare!"

Clark took out his phone and called his secretary. "Cancel my father-in-law's medical payment for next month—"

Furious, Nyla grabbed his phone and ended the call. "You're crossing a line, Clark."

"Crossing a line?" Clark's gaze was full of contempt as he yanked her closer. "Everything you have is because of me. Don't you think you're the one crossing the line? Change your clothes, or I have numerous ways to make you comply."